Bot. Maſters, I am to diſcourſe wonders; but aske mee not what. For if I tell you, I am not true *Athenian*. I will tel you euery thing right as it fell out.

Quin. Let vs heare, ſweete *Bottome*.

Bot. Not a word of me: all that I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparell together, good ſtrings to your beards, new ribbands to your pumps, meete preſently at the Palace, euerie man looke ore his part: for the ſhort and the long is, our play is preferd. In any caſe let *Thisby* haue cleane linnen: and let not him that plaies the Lion, paire his nailes, for they ſhall hang out for the Lions clawes. And moſt deare Actors, eate no Onions; nor Garlicke; for we are to vtter ſweete breath, and I do not doubt but to heare them ſay, it is a ſweete Comedy. No more words: away, go away.

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, and Philoſtrate.

Hip. Tis ſtrange my *Theſeus*, that theſe louers ſpeake of.

The. More ſtrange then true. I neuer may beleeue
Theſe anticke fables, nor theſe Fairy toies,
Louers and mad men haue ſuch ſeething braines,
Such ſhaping phantaſies, that apprehend more
Then coole reaſon euer comprehends.
The Lunaticke, the Louer, and the Poet,
Are of imagination all compact.
One ſees more diuels then vaſte hell can hold;
That is the mad man. The Louer, all as franticke,
Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Egipt*.
The Poets eie in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance
From heauen to earth, from earth to heauen.
And as imagination bodies forth the formes of things
Vnknowne; the Poets pen turnes them to ſhapes,
And giues to airy nothing, a locall habitation,
And a name. Such trickes hath ſtrong imagination,

That if it would but apprehend ſome ioy,
It comprehends ſome bringer of that ioy.
Or in the night, imagining ſome feare,
How eaſie is a buſh ſuppos'd a Beare?

Hip. But all the ſtory of the night told ouer,
And all their mindes transfigur'd ſo together,
More witneſſeth than fancies images,
And growes to ſomething of great conſtancy;
But howſoeuer, ſtrange and admirable.

Enter louers: Lyſander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

Theſ. Here come the louers, full of ioy and mirth:
Ioy, gentle friends, ioy and freſh daies
Of loue accompany your hearts.

Lyſ. More then to vs, waite in your roiall walkes, your boord, your bed.

Theſ. Come now, what maskes, what dances ſhall wee haue,
To weare away this long age of three houres,
Betweene or after ſupper, and bed-time?
Where is our vſuall manager of mirth?
What Reuels are in hand? Is there no play,
To eaſe the anguiſh of a torturing houre?
Call *Philoſtrate*.

Philo. Heere mighty *Theſeus*.

Theſ. Say, what abridgment haue you for this euening?
What maske, what muſicke? how ſhall we beguile
The lazie time, if not with ſome delight?

Phil. There is a briefe, how many ſports are rife.
Make choiſe of which your Highneſſe will ſee firſt.

Theſ. The battell with the *Centaurs* to be ſung
By an *Athenian* Eunuch, to the Harpe.
Wee'l none of that. That haue I tolde my Loue,
In glory of my kinſman *Hercules*.
The riot of the tipſie *Bachanals*,